

## Read these Symptoms

## SEE WHAT THEY INDICATE!

**Pain in the Stomach after eating, Spitting up the Food, Food turns sour after eating, Sourness of the Stomach, Belching of Wind, Acidity of the Stomach, with an unpleasant, sickly sensation, Nausea and Vomiting, with fullness in the head, Vomiting of Food after a meal, Putrid taste in the Mouth, Heartburn, Water-brash, Heat in the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Indifference to Food, Great desire for something Sour, Feeling of fullness after eating, Has a great Appetite, but feels bloated after eating but little, Palpitation of the Heart after eating, Confusion of the Head, Giddiness, Heaviness in the Head, Bad taste in the Mouth, Constipation, very Costiveness of the Bowels unless taken every fifth or sixth day unless taking physic, which appears to give relief for a short time, but soon all the symptoms are worse.**

These symptoms indicate Dyspepsia. Wiggins' Pills will cure these symptoms in a sure, safe and easy manner.  
DIRECTIONS.—Take five Pills after each meal.  
Prepared by W. WIGGINS, Rockland. Price one dollar a box, for sale by all Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.  
May 20, 1869.

## NEW GOODS!

## NEW GOODS!!!

## MR. & MRS. H. HATCH,

HAVING just returned from Boston, are now ready to offer to their numerous customers a great assortment of  
**Worsted, Yarns & Small Wares,**

Our stock consists of the following articles:  
**ZEPHYR WORSTEDS, in all shades, TANNED AND ROYAL YARN, KNITTING YARN, in all shades and prices, from 6 cents and upwards, SCARLET WILTON YARN, for Trunks, Embroidered Shippers, Patterns and Cards, Machine Cotton, in all the numbers and shades, Edgings of every description and price, Lace, Linen and Lawn Handkerchiefs, all prices, some extra large Handkerchiefs for Gentlemen's use. Hosiery and Gloves in great variety.**

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Ladies' Under Vests and Draw, Ribbons by the piece or yard, Beads, Combs, Hair and Teeth Brushes, Port Monies, Needles, Pins, Knitting Needles, Crochet Hooks, and other small articles too numerous to mention.

## Old Ladies' Front Pieces,

## JAPAN SWITCHES, BRAIDS AND COILS,

Cheap.  
The above goods have been bought for CASH, and will be sold on a small PROFIT.  
Rockland, Oct. 20, 1869. H. & E. A. HATCH.

## BUY YOUR

## CLOTHS,

## Ready-Made Clothing

## GENTS FURNISHINGS GOODS,

## C. G. Moffitt & Son's.

HAVING enlarged our store and made extensive additions to our former large stock, we are now prepared to sell  
**Cloths and Tailors Trimmings, READY-MADE CLOTHING, AND GENTS FURNISHINGS GOODS,** at the smallest possible advance from cost. Ever remembering that  
**Quick Sales and Small Profits,** are the best both for Buyer and Seller.  
We respectfully invite the public to call and examine our STOCK, before making their purchases for Winter.  
C. G. MOFFITT & SON,  
Union Block, Main Street,  
Rockland, Nov. 3, 1869.

## R. Anderson & Co.,

Wholesale.

## Confectioners,

BEER Manufacturers and Jobbers of Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.  
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## A LECTURE

## TO YOUNG MEN.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical cure of Spermatorrhea, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Emissions, Sexual Debility and Impediment to Marriage, generally, Nervousness, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, Mental and Physical Degeneracy, resulting from Self-Abuse, &c. By JOHN C. CULVERWELL, M.D., Author of the "Green Book," &c.  
The world renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bleedings, instruments, or any kind of carnal or sensual excitement, on certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter how long he has been afflicted, may be cured, and his system restored to its original health and vigor. This Lecture will, no doubt, be a great blessing to the afflicted, and a warning to the young.  
Sent under seal, to any address, in plain envelope, on the receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Also Dr. Culverwell's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents. Address the Publishers.  
CHAS. J. C. KILNE & CO.,  
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 4, 1869

## Poetry.

## MORE GOOD THAN BAD.

There was many a step in the road of life,  
If I would only stop to take it;  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If I would only listen to it.  
The generous heart would make it!  
To the soul that is full of hope  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the winter storm prevaileth.  
Better to hope though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eye still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are lifted!  
There never was a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning;  
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.  
There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass on in our life's course,  
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,  
Or the miser's hoard of treasure;  
It may be love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
For a cup of water given.  
Better to weave in the web of life,  
A bright and golden fling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
Than to snare the delicate mind of youth,  
Or our curious lives amuse,  
And then blame Heaven for tangled ends,  
And sit and grieve and wonder.

## THE WEARY WAY.

BY M. D. C.

"O weary way!" we cry; nor give one thought  
To those who weary three and thirty years  
Through which he wandered, bowed a man of  
tears,  
With grief acquainted and of sorrow taught.  
"O rugged steep!" we sigh; nor scarcely heed  
The jagged side of Calvary's cruel slope,  
Else we might climb with stronger, surer hope  
O'er rocky paths, with feet that ache and bleed.  
No servant greater than his lord may be;  
We taste no woe but his dear lips have pressed  
And when we reach heaven's calm, still heights of rest,  
The meaning of each weary step we'll see.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE BROTHER'S TEMPTATION.

BY E. H. REMINGTON.

"Come George," said Blanche Arnette to her brother, as they gathered around the evening fire. "I wish you to read for me while I sew."

"No, no; you must excuse me for I do not feel like reading," and he shaded his eyes from the penetrating glance which his sister cast upon him.

Blanche did not repeat her question, for she had no habit of urging her brother to do a thing for which he seemed disinclined. She had noticed for some time past that he seemed uneasy and disturbed in mind for some cause unknown to her, and no advance on her part could draw him out, or elicit any remarks on the subject. Thus to-night she made no answer, but gently took up her work and drew near the light, resolving in her heart to watch him and endeavor to solve the mystery if possible. She felt troubled and sore of heart. She tried to draw him into conversation, but received nothing but monosyllables. It was evident that something laid upon his mind, which he wished to keep to himself. When the time of retiring came, Blanche put up her work, went to George, and, stooping over him as he reclined upon the sofa, kissed him tenderly, and murmured a kind "good night."

"Good night, dear," he answered, without rising or adding another word.

Blanche left the room with a lingering look behind, and retired to her chamber. She could not understand her brother's mood, and why he should wish to conceal anything from her. It distressed her to thus be shut out from the secrets of one who had never before given her cause for either pain or trouble.

The moment the door closed behind her, the whole manner of George Arnette changed. He sprang to his feet and began to pace the room with heavy strides, while his compressed lips showed him to be suffering under some strong mental excitement. He continued to walk the floor for some time, then, as if he had decided the result of some debate in his mind, he opened the door of the parlor, stepped into the hall, took his cloak, hat and cane from the rack, and was soon in the street. The jar of the closing door was distinctly heard by Blanche, and, under the first intuition that her brother had left the house, for what purpose had he gone? She asked herself the question, and reasoned for an answer. Where could he be going at this late hour? He hardly ever stayed out beyond ten o'clock, and she had never known him to leave the house in this manner before. There was truly a mystery in his conduct, and this troubled her. She could not suspect him of doing a wrong act; that was impossible to her mind, and she drove the thought from her. She had just laid down her book, which she had taken up for the purpose of reading a few pages before retiring for the night, and commenced disrobing herself, when this sound of the closing door below startled her and caused her to pause. She could not now retire, for to sleep would be hardly possible. She therefore again took her book and attempted to read; but what she read left but little impression upon her mind. Her thoughts were upon her brother, whom she had learned to love and confide in.

At this same time, while George Arnette lingered at home endeavoring to decide in his mind a subject of right or wrong, a party of young men were seated around a table in an upper room of a celebrated resort of the gay world, drinking, smoking and talking in a boisterous manner. They were all members of the "upper ten-den." Some had reached what is called "old age," while others were not yet out of their "teens," that dangerous period for a young man, especially if he have but

## little to do and plenty of pocket money.

"Confound the fellow! What keeps him so long?" said one of the company, looking at his watch. "It's nearly ten o'clock, and he hasn't come yet."

"Who do you mean, Arnette?" asked another.

"Yes. He promised to join us again to-night."

"I'll bet a sixpence he won't come."

"Why so?"

"Cause his sister won't let him. He is tied to her apron string almost every night. Why can't he be a map, as we are and enjoy himself?"

"Sure enough. Let's enjoy ourselves to-night. Pass along that decanter, for I am dry," interrupted one of the company.

"Let Arnette break his engagement if he wishes; we're not going to let that spoil our fun."

"That's right." "Here's a toast," cried another, as he lifted the glass to his lips. "Pleasant dreams to the old folks at home!"

"Good! Good! Good!" passed from the lips of all, as each drank to his well-understood sentiment.

In the mean time George Arnette had left his home, having decided at last to join this gay assemblage. It was in fact a club formed a few weeks before, the members of which met once a week to eat, drink, smoke and corrupt each other by ridiculing all moral restraints.

George had been blest with a sister several years older than himself. She loved him tenderly and had great influence over him. But of the dangers that beset his path she knew nothing. She knew nothing of the serpent waiting to devour its prey. To him she had tried to make home pleasant. And it had its effect, for to him there was no place like home; nor any smile so sweet as his sister's.

When George gained his twenty-second year, he, as a law student, found himself thrown more into the company of young men of his own age and standing in society. More than once had he seen his associates pass beyond the bounds of self-control, as well in their use of strong stimulants, as well in their conduct. But still he did not feel for himself.

Gradually his circle of acquaintance with the young men of this gay class extended, and a more frequent participation in their pleasure was the natural consequence.

"Come," said one of them, as the two met in the street one evening, "I want you to go with me."

"But why must I go with you, or rather where are you going?" asked Arnette.

"To meet some of our friends at D—'s, replied the other. 'We have formed a club and meet there once a week. Each member has the privilege of inviting as many as he chooses. So to-night I invite you as a guest; but at our next meeting you must be a member.'"

"Will I be welcome?"

"Arnette had no object in view. He had merely strolled out for a walk to get rid of a severe headache. Having cast this off, it needed not much persuasion to induce him to accompany his friend. Arriving at D—'s fashionable house of refreshment, he was introduced into the room occupied by the gay assembly. There were five or six young men, of about his own age, and all known to him. On a table between them were bottles of wine and glasses.

"Just a minute," cried the leader of the club. "George Arnette, I give you welcome! Here's a place for you, and he placed his hand upon a chair. As George seated himself he said, "Can't you help me to a toast?"

"Here's to a good fellowship!" replied Arnette, lifting his glass and touching the leader's.

"To be drunk standing!"

All rose and drank to the sentiment of their guest. Then followed songs, jests and stories, and to these were added the wine cup. Gaily passed the hours until midnight cast her pall over the revelers. Looking at his watch, Arnette was surprised to find it one o'clock, and arising, begged to be excused.

"Yes, on one condition," cried all, "and that is, that you will meet with us on this evening next week."

"I agree to it with pleasure," was the prompt reply.

"Another drink before you go," cried the leader, "and I will give the toast. Fill up your glasses."

The bottle was passed around the table.

"To a good fellow!" was the sentiment. All arose to their feet and drank their glasses to the dregs. Arnette, while he bowed his head to the toast, felt that he had entered a new world and become an inmate thereof. Long before he reached his home did his imagination revel amid the scenes he had just left.

The morning found him in a more sober mood. Reflections came upon him. What had he been doing? What path had he entered? Where would he lead? These questions would intrude upon him, asking for an answer. Could he answer them? He shut his eyes and endeavored to sleep. But he could not, and at length he arose with a dull pain in his head.

But more painful than his own reflections was the thought of meeting Blanche. He felt that, like poor Mary, he had been in bad company, and the taint was upon him, and he felt that she would be repelled. The thought made him wretched. He dreaded to meet her, but it could not be avoided.

"You do not look well, brother," said Blanche, almost as soon as she saw him.

"I am not. My head aches, and I feel dull and heavy."

"What has caused it?" asked the affectionate girl.

Now this was a question, above all others, which he did not wish to answer.

He was in a dilemma. He could not tell a falsehood; neither could he nerve himself to that pitch which would be required to enable him to tell the truth. Therefore he preferred silence as the least evil of the three. At the break-

## fast table, his father and mother remarked upon his appearance. To this he merely replied that he was not well, and walked off half an hour in the fresh air soon dispelled the pain in his head, and he felt quite relieved. This also drove away the feelings with which he had condemned the events of the previous evening. They did not now seem so objectionable as when first looked upon. He could even laugh at the thought of several remembered jests and stories. This, with other thoughts indulged in, marked the change that had been produced in his mind.

During the day he did not fall in with any of his companions of the evening before, too many of whom had entered the road to ruin. The evening was spent at home in Blanche's society. So the next, and the next. As the time for their next meeting drew near, the struggle for good grew. But with this restraint off, the good principles stored in his mind could not be easily silenced. They were too deeply engrained and rooted therein. Their hold upon him was deep. The condition into which this had brought him on the night which he had promised to meet his friends, the reader has already seen. He was still unable to decide as to whether he should give up his position as yet, or stand by his principles. The decision was given him by word, and I must go." So he reasoned.

Yet in this undecided state of mind he lingered at home. Still debating on the subject, he lay on the sofa when Blanche touched her innocent lips to his and bid him good night. That kiss passed through his system like a shock. The decision had not been made when Blanche left the house, and began to pace the room. The decision was given him by word, and I must go." So he reasoned.

"I have given my word, and that ends it," he said, and instantly left the house. Without listening to a little voice that clamored within, to be heard, he walked hastily towards the club-room. The minutes of time brought him to the door, he opened it without hesitating, and stood in the midst of the gay company. His entrance was greeted with shouts of welcome, and the toast, "Here's to a good fellow!" with which he had parted from them, was repeated on his return.

To this followed a sentiment that cannot be repeated here. All drank to it but Arnette. He could not, for it involved a foul slander upon the other sex, and he had a sister whose pure kiss was yet warm upon his lips. The omission was marked by the proposer of the toast.

"What's the matter, George?" he said. "Is not the wine good?"

The color mounted to Arnette's face as he answered.

"Yes, much better than the sentiment."

"What's the trouble with the sentiment?" asked the proposer of it, in a tone of affected surprise.

"I have a sister," was his brief reply.

"So Charley, here, was just saying," answered the other, with a merry laugh. "He was willing to bet a dollar that you was tied to her apron string, and would not be here to-night. Ha! ha!"

This decided the mind of Arnette. He loved his sister, and in all her innocences, he loved her. He would not have degraded himself by such a base action. He knew her to be pure as the mountain-flakes, and yet her influence was sneered at by one who had uttered a vile slander against her whole sex. His eyes were opened. He saw upon what dangerous ground he trod. Acting upon the impulse, he arose and left the room without a word. A sneering laugh followed him, but he heard it not.

The book which Blanche had resumed ceased to interest her. She was too much troubled about her brother to read much. His singular conduct caused her great uneasiness. Anxiety at his having left the house at this late hour was verging into alarm, when she heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Could they be his? She listened. Yes! It was indeed her brother. The tears fell from her eyes as she heard him enter below and up to his chamber. He was safe from harm, and for this her heart was lifted up in thankfulness. How near that dear brother had been to falling, she never knew; nor how it had been her image and her parting kiss, that had saved him in the hour of danger. Happy are all who may be blest with such a sister! And happier still if her innocence overshadow him in the moment of temptation.

## SLEEP WARM.

Do this with as little covering as possible, but do it at all hazards, even if it takes twice as many clothes as it ought to. Never go to bed with cold feet. If you cannot keep them warm in any other way, get a soapstone, heat it every night, and keep it near your feet. Better be "effeminate," or "old maidish," than to have the sleep disturbed and thus the foundation laid for disease, by trying to sleep with cold feet. So much for the ordinary home life. But the greatest danger is not at home, but away; concerts, lectures, parties, singing-schools furnish excellent opportunities for taking cold. To leave a crowded room, which is generally ill-ventilated, heated from seventy to ninety degrees above zero, and go at once into an atmosphere from five to fifteen degrees below zero, is not a very safe operation for any person, and is especially dangerous for those who have any tendency to lung-disease, unless they are well protected.

It is always best, when going to such a place, to take an extra garment to put on when going out; and always remember, when leaving a heated room to go out into the cold, to shut the door and keep it shut for several minutes. The chill will be taken off from the air by breathing through the nose, and the lungs will thus become gradually accustomed to the cold.

If the above simple suggestions are heeded, many a cough and cold will be prevented. Remember that health is

## one of the greatest blessings of this earthly life, and that when it is once lost, its full restoration is a matter of very great uncertainty.

## ROMANCE OF A PRIMA DONNA.

An English paper tells the following strange story of a somewhat famous English singer, not altogether unknown to the American public:

In April, 1860, while the young and lovely daughter of the Earl of D— was enjoying her usual afternoon airing along the 'Lady's Mile,' her fan dropped from her hand over the side of the carriage, and she ordered her coachman to recover it.

He quickly complied, and to a halt he could descend from his perch, a gentleman of resplendent black whiskers and immaculate costume appeared at the side of the vehicle, and with a courtly bow, presented the fan. A blushed "thank you, sir," rewarded the act, and the coachman was directed to head his horses for Belgrave square; but the earl's daughter several times in her bosom a vivid mental photograph of the knight of the fan, and could not help fancying that a something in the expression of his fine black eyes had silently pleaded for a further acquaintance.

To employ the term best understood by her sex, she was, in fact, "struck" with his distinguished appearance, and could not get him out of her head. It was one of those cases of instantaneous infatuation, which are quite as common as the love of the stars.

The young lady drove in the Park, at the same hour, on every succeeding afternoon of the week, for the particular purpose of catching another glimpse of the elegant stranger. All her efforts to retard end, however, proved vain, until one evening at the Royal Italian Opera, where she accidentally dropped her fan.

Upon that exciting occasion several white cravats and gentlemen sprang to pick up the pearl and gold bison; but there was a quicker one before them all, and the languette was presented by the whiskered unknown of Hyde Park. Our susceptible heroine blushed celestial rose-red, as she received it, and the dark-eyed cavalier gave her such a look of homage in the act that her own eyes dropped prettily under his ardent glance. Bowing gracefully, the unknown retired to a station at the back of the box, and there worshipped with his look until the performance was over.

For a month after this, several silent interviews of the kind took place, until at length the peer's daughter felt her right hand slightly grasped one evening, as she was stepping into a carriage from the opera-house, and, on recovering from her alarm, found a sealed note in the hand thus pressed.

In a moment she had guessed who the writer was, and had scarcely patience to gain the privacy of her own room before ascertaining its contents. The missive was written in a fine, Italian hand, and the writer avowed his honorable passion in the exaggerated style natural to a fellow-countryman of the Cenis.

He called her his idol, the light of his soul, the star of his life, and, in a moment, the idolatrous wretch who dared not draw nearer. The English of the wording was just exactly bad enough to heighten the romance and suggest angelized marble villas beside the murmuring Po. He should "kill himself," said the knight, if he failed to conceal a "little note" for him in the folds of her fan, on a certain night, and manage to drop it for him as she entered the box this opera. She did so, and thus began a secret correspondence which ended in her promise to elope with the man. She had repeatedly endeavored to gain some information respecting his rank; though not until it was too late to save herself; and when he assured her that peculiar, but not dishonorable circumstances rendered "an open courtship impossible," she could only give him his own way.

Another morning passed, and, upon a certain afternoon, the young lady's carriage returned to Belgrave without her. For better, for worse, she had joined her adorer at a railway station, and gone with him to the nearest Gretna Green. They knew each other very intimately in sentiment, but now the fond foreigner had such hard facts to disclose as came near throwing his lovely captive into a swoon. Sinking upon his knees in the midst of the vildest of his had felt, he confessed that he was a hire of hand-organists to the more needy of his countrymen about London! In horrible English he abused himself unstintingly for daring to pretend to so fair and noble a hand, and offered to escort his victim back to London, if she desired, and then cast himself headlong from the top of the Great Eastern, and was never seen again.

Next day there was a sensation in fashionable circles, because the Earl of D—'s daughter "had run off with an Italian count, whose membership in the Roman Catholic Church had made him distasteful to her noble parents." Such was the Court Journal's neat way of putting the case. After writing a friendly account of her misalliance to her family, the young wife made hasty sail with her devoted husband to Italy. She found that her new relatives were not all Patricians, by any means; but they received her with great respect; and, as the ex-organizer was the tenderest of liege lords, she managed to pass a joyous honeymoon. Before "settling down for good," however, she wrote another letter to her father for forgiveness, and thereby threw that noble lord into fresh paroxysms of wrath. He sent a crushing answer, refusing to longer recognize her as a child of his, and heaping curses upon her and her Italian.

Like a sensible English girl, our heroine took this all very philosophically, and sang merrily, tra la, la, to the music a guitar, until the peculiar purity and freshness of her voice attracted the critical attention of her husband. He

## called in a celebrated maestro to hear her sing, and was rejoiced to learn that his wife had a voice worth a fortune to her. A good master was at once secured for the lively lady, she studied the Italian language and artistic method with avidity, and, at the request of her lord, consented to sing in public.

As a result, the whole city went wild with enthusiasm over a new diva, and she received an invitation to become second chanteuse at La Scala. Accepting, she gained such a series of triumphs that her husband was frantic with mingled pride and joy. On the occasion of her benefit, he evinced this spirit by giving a grand supper to the dilettanti of Milan, retired to his bed in an exalted state of intoxication, and—died of apoplexy before morning. His lady buried him with sincere sorrow, and was hardly conscious of what would be her next step, when she received an offer of an engagement at the English Royal Italian Opera. With subdued joy she took advantage of the opportunity to see once more her native land, and under her fanciful Italian stage name was soon captivating the musical Londoners by her glorious voice.

Then her English fame was at its height, the Earl of D—, hearing particularly of her beauty, went to the opera to observe for himself. It must have been a mysterious consanguineous impulse that sent him hither, for he had no more ear than Gen. Grant for Italian music; but when once he had caught sight of *la diva*, a yoke of oxen could scarcely have drawn him away. He recognized his ungrateful daughter, and even swelled with paternal pride, when showers of bouquets and whirlwinds of applause greeted her at the termination of each act of the 'Figlia.' A surprising magnanimity took possession of his noble breast; he would reclaim the organ grinder's widow; he would raise her to his own high sphere again; he would restore his fatherly favor to the idol of art and the *head ton*, and would finally marry her off to a titled noble.

Filled with these generous intentions, he deputed a friend to bear his card to the dressing-room of the prima donna, and was much astonished by her refusal to see him. 'She dreads my reproaches,' thought he, after due consideration; and, on the morrow, caused the same friend as before to bear his offer of paternal recognition to the goddess of song. The friend was readily admitted to an audience, and came therefrom assuring of the remainder of his life.

The lady said, haughtily, 'My father came off for marrying the gentleman of my choice; he refused to recognize me in my days of poverty and obscurity. Now, that I am rich and famous I refuse to recognize him! Let us be strangers to each other.'

All further advances were unavailing, and my lord and his daughter remain strangers to this day.

## A TRUE STORY.

Some years since, a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a grove of about eighty acres, in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other timber.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as to nearly blind them. When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow.

These they looked at with care, and found to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there in the cold and the snow, the chance was, that not one of them would be alive in the morning.

While they were all shivering with fear and with cold, the chief man of the party caught sight of one of the horses, a gray pony, known as 'Old Jack.'

Then the chief said, 'if any one can show us our way to camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle, and let him loose, and we will follow him. I think he will show us the way to our camp.'

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw up his head and tail in the air, as if proud of the task that had been put in him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say, 'Come on, boys. Follow me. I'll lead you out of this scrape.'

He then turned in a new direction, and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires. They all gave a loud hurrah at the sight.

They all felt grateful to God for their safety, and threw their arms round Old Jack's neck to thank him for what he had done.

I know that this is a true story, for my father was the chief of the party on the occasion.

## CHEERFUL OLD AGE.

Dr. Marsh, an English minister who died long ago, over ninety years of age, was very fond of young people. He often invited some calets from a neighboring school to his home, where he entertained them so pleasantly that they learned to love him very dearly. When leaving him one day, one of the boys said to the others:

"What is the use of being young, when one sees a man of eighty or ninety in cheerful spirits than the jolliest among us?"

Mark this, my merry-hearted boys and girls. Here is an old man, in better spirits than the 'jolliest' boy in school. Where did this old man get these spirits? They came from God. This old man lived very near to God, and God became a fountain of life in his heart. Thus his spirits were so free and fresh, even in his old age, that the boys who knew him almost wished themselves old men.

Learn from this fact, my children, the secret of keeping your hearts young when you grow old. Love God, your Heavenly Father, to live in you, and with you. He will accept the invitation, and when your heads are silvered with the frosts of hoary age, your hearts will be fresher and

## happier than in the merry days of childhood.—S. S. Advocate.

THE TRUE LIFE.—The mere lease of years is not life. To eat, drink and sleep; to pace around the mill of habit, turn the wheel of wealth, to make reason our book-keeper, and turn into an implement of power, the consciousness of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth living. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through







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 This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cast, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.  
**PRICE ONLY 18 DOLLARS.**  
 Fully Warranted for Five Years.  
 We will run \$1000 for each machine that will sew

stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic  
seam than ours. It makes the

## "ELASTIC LOCK STITCH."

Every second stitch can be cut, and still the  
seam cannot be pulled apart without breaking  
the thread. From \$75 to \$100 per month and expenses;  
a commission from which twice that amount can  
be made. Address

## SECOND & CO.

Pittsburgh, Pa.; Boston, Mass.; or St. Louis,  
Mo.

**CAUTION**—Beware of all Agents selling this  
Machine. We have no agents in the U. S. A. but  
Certificate of Agency signed by us. We shall not be  
responsible for any loss or damage caused by any  
other parties and shall prosecute all parties either  
for using Machine under this name to the full extent  
of the law or for using the name of the Machine  
by our Agents. Do not be imposed upon by  
any other party who offers to sell you a cheap  
or worthless Machines at a low price. 4WS

## AGENTS WANTED FOR

# THE SECRETS OF

## INTERNAL REVENUE

### EXPOSING

[illegible]

**COLGATE & CO'S**  
AROMATIC  
**VEGETABLE SOAP.**  
Combined with Glycerine,  
recommended for the use of  
**LADIES** and in the Nurseries.

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INSURE AT  
**CILLEY'S**  
FIRE, MARINE & LIFE

# Insurance Agency

Custom House Block, Rockland, Me.

Risks taken on all insurable property.  
Losses promptly adjusted without cost to the insured.

We have Open Policies in First Class Marine Co.  
panies in which to enter Freight and Cargoes with  
freight policy. Special arrangements made for  
on Vessels. Protests noted. Arrangements adjusted.

**North American Fire Insurance Co.**  
New York. Assets \$75,000.

**Security Fire Insurance Co.**  
New York. Assets \$1,472,400.

North American Fire Insurance Co.	Of Hartford.....Assets \$143,777
<b>Albany City Insurance Co.</b>	
Of Albany.....Cash assets \$432,170	
<b>Atlantic Mutual Marine Ins. Co.</b>	
Of New York.....Assets, \$1,469,508	
<b>Union Marine Insurance Co.</b>	
Of Bangor, Me.....Assets \$279,716	
<b>Merchant's Mutual Marine</b>	
Of Bangor, Me.....Assets \$298,438	
<b>Ocean Marine Insurance Co.</b>	
Of Portland.....Cash assets \$275,000	
<b>Independent Marine Ins. Co.</b>	
Of Boston.....Cash assets \$612,000	
<b>New England Mutual Marine Ins. Co.</b>	

On Death.....Assets \$1,143,077

**SAVE YOUR MONEY**

By Insuring in the

**Bangor Mutual Fire Insurance Company**

This company insures for 5 Stock Rates; takes no premium notes and makes no assessments.

—

**Insurance Against Accident**

**Travellers Insurance Company,**  
Hartford, Conn.....Cash Assets \$50,000

Policies issued against loss of life by accident in every form. Also making a weekly payment of disability in consequence of accident.

—

**Insure Your Life**

**J. P. CHASE**

**J. F. CHILLEY,**  
9tf GENERAL INS. AGENT



AT THE ROCK  
**TEA STOP**

**A General Stampede  
WHERE! WHERE!  
AT T. W. ATHERTON'S  
OF COURSE!  
WHY, WHAT NOW!!**

HORSE, Main Street, Rockland, Me.  
 TYLESTON W. ATHERTON.  
 Rockland, Dec. 6, 1892.



